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"CLAMOR" FROM HIGH PLACES.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

"But I say, and I say it in all seriousness, that these packers in Chicago and these owners of the Standard Oil have done more to advance Socialism and Anarchism and unrest and agitation than all the Socialist agitators who stand to-day between the oceans."

This sounds suspiciously like "anti-corporation clamor." It is much like one of those "attacks on large vested interests" which President Cassatt publicly deplored on returning home from Europe to investigate the charges of graft in the Pennsylvania.

And it is; but with the difference that the man who makes the attack is not a magazine muck-raker or a demagogue crying denunciation of capital. It is the senior Senator from Massachusetts, the successor of Webster and Sumner, who brings this grave indictment against predatory corporations which by their defiance of law and contempt of public rights do more to foment discontent than all the agitators.

The nation is hearing a surprising amount of this kind of "clamor" from high sources. It emanates from State and Federal Judges, from commencement orators, from Senators and public men. It has become a dominant note of criticism, indicating a revolt of extraordinary proportions against corporation dishonesty and duplicity. These "attacks" are not to be lightly ignored.

When the leaders of the party to which the lawless "vested interests" owe their existence begin to indict them at the bar of public opinion it is time they gave heed to the warning.

80-CENT GAS.

The gas decision in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has been reached with a gratifying absence of delay.

The decision is in effect a considerable victory for the public. While not materially conflicting with the Federal Court's protection of the Trust against ruinous penalties it extends to the consumer an equal protection against coercion by the Trust. The Court empowers the consumer to tender payment at the existing rate and denies the right of the company to shut off gas or otherwise discontinue his service by way of retaliation. According to Justice Laughlin's ruling the law must be presumed to be valid until it is adjudged unconstitutional by a competent court. Pending that decision users of gas may virtually enjoy all the privileges of the law as enacted by the Legislature.

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS.

One cannot but wonder, such is the present vogue of commencement presents, whether anything will be left for the June brides after the sweet girl graduates have been fittingly remembered. But, for that matter, is the crop of June brides as large as of old? Certainly their pre-eminence as the month's most radiant product has been diminished since the girl graduate took possession of the scene in yearly increasing numbers.

The growth in lavish expense of the commencement-gift custom is one of the phenomena of social development. Time was when a few roses or books sufficed to satisfy graduation demands. Now the jeweller is called into requisition to supply costly trinkets, the sale of which makes an important item of his season's trade. Within perhaps a decade commencement as a gift day has come to vie with Easter as Easter in its turn vies with Christmas. It testifies to a national and characteristically American spirit of open-handedness.

How Bitter.

By J. Campbell Cory.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It.
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 41—JOHN BROWN and the Approach of Civil War.

IT is easy to tell the story of Colonial happenings, of the Revolution, of the War of 1812. The perspective is good and Action has crystallized into History. Moreover, all our country's wars were then with foreign foes.

But with the Civil War it is different. There brother slew brother, and every blow struck on either side was a blow at the very heart of national welfare. The correct distance, perhaps, for an accurate and dispassionate story of that most terrible conflict of history has not yet been reached. So it remains only to recite, without bias, such of its countless incidents and varied causes as are of undoubted authenticity.

The fact that we are once more a mighty, undivided nation, prosperous, and with all rancor and bitterness forever buried, speaks more eloquently of the complete healing of the four-year breach than can any mere words.

For a long time the trouble had been brewing. Political strife had been gradually and secretly weakening the old-time bond of fellowship and interest between North and South. The first real difference had arisen in Andrew Jackson's day, when South Carolina hinted at seceding from the Union because of tariff complications. But questions concerning slavery were the chief causes leading to the final outbreak.

Primary Causes of the Civil War.

Centuries before thousands of negroes had been imported from Africa and had been sold as slaves throughout America. They increased tremendously in numbers and were invaluable in the hotter parts of the country, as they could work under a broiling sun and in conditions that would have killed a white man. But as time went on slavery became unprofitable in the North and was abandoned. There was, besides, a strong sentiment there against buying and selling human beings. Hence slavery was exchanged for paid labor.

The South, however, needed slaves for the vast plantations and looked on the slavery system as the keynote of Southern commercial success. Thus, for a time, matters stood between the two sections of the nation.

But new States were continually added to the Union. And an effort was made to establish slavery in many of these. The Nation, as a Nation, objected strenuously to this. While more or less content to permit slavery to continue in such States as had already adopted it, there was strong objection to the founding of new slave States. This was the attitude taken by the Republican party which was founded in 1856, with John C. Fremont as its candidate for President. But Fremont was beaten by James Buchanan, the Democrat, and party feeling continued daily to grow more and more tense.

The earliest sparks of sectional hate were fanned into flame by fanatics on both sides. And the chief of all these fanatics was John Brown. Brown has been alternately praised as a martyr and the incarnation of the spirit of liberty and condemned as a ruffian and murderer. As a matter of fact, he was none of these things, but merely a high-idealed, pure-purposed crank.

Born at Torrington, Conn., in 1800, Brown emigrated early to Ohio, later to New York State and afterward to Kansas. He worked successively as tanner, farmer, shepherd, wool dealer and surveyor, scoring a success at nothing and earning a name for shiftlessness. As a very young man he became imbued with a hatred of slavery and devoted his life to abolishing it. He had twenty children, twelve of whom grew to maturity and became ardent disciples of their father's doctrine.

Kansas, in the fifties, was the chief border State where slavery and anti-slavery warred for mastership. The anti-slavery party there called themselves "Free Soilers." Brown and five of his sons settled near Ossawatomie, Kan., and threw themselves into the free-soil cause. For two years Brown helped to defend the State against border ruffians, taking part in bloody deeds of reprisal, and once defending Ossawatomie against an overwhelming force of marauding Missourians. For this he was alternately hailed as a hero and denounced as a lawless scoundrel. Abolitionists in the East praised him and sent him funds, while advocates of slavery loathed him.

At length he hit on a plan for freeing the slaves by force, for stopping forever the "compromise" talk that was then so prevalent and for rousing the Nation to action. This plan, in a general way, apparently aimed to incite slaves to rise against their masters and to fight their own way to freedom.

A Mad Scheme to Free the Slaves.

In pursuance of this Brown, with eighteen men, attacked and captured the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry on the night of Oct. 16, 1859, and, seizing the arms and ammunition stored there, awaited the enthusiastic uprising of the slaves to his support. They failed to rise. But Col. Robert E. Lee, with a company of marines, marched from Washington and attacked him. After a desperate resistance, in which two of his sons were killed and he himself badly wounded, Brown surrendered. He was tried, condemned on charges of treason and murder, and on Dec. 2, 1859, was hanged.

He had attacked United States property, killed United States troops and had planned to incite an insurrection.

The proven charges were sufficient to warrant his execution. Even the most vehement abolitionists discountenanced his action. Yet in the hysterical times that ensued he was worshipped by many as a martyr. The song, "John Brown's Body," cheered troops to victory, and his memory was revered as that of a demi-god.

Impracticable, visionary, criminal as he was, old Ossawatomie Brown paved the way for better and greater men. The work that he bungled so madly was, three years later, destined to glorious accomplishment at the hands of Abraham Lincoln.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXX.

Continued.

"WHAT is the play like?" he hazarded as he looked toward his companion. At all times social trivialities bored him; tonight they were intolerable. He had come to fight, but all at once it seemed that there was no opponent. Lillian's attitude disturbed him; her careless graciousness, her evident ignoring of him for Kaine, might mean nothing—but also it might mean much.

So he speculated as he put his question and spurred his attention toward the girl's answer; but with the speculation came the resolve to hold his own—to meet his enemy upon whatever ground she chose to appropriate.

The girl looked at him with interest. She too had heard of his triumph.

"It is a good play," she responded. "I like it better than the book. You've read the book, of course?"

"No." Loder tried hard to fix his thoughts.

"It's amusing—but far-fetched."

"Indeed?" He picked up the programme lying on the edge of the box. His ears were strained to catch the tone of Lillian's voice as she laughed and whispered with Kaine.

"Yes; men exchanging identities, you know."

He looked up and caught the girl's self-possessed glance. "Oh?" he said. "Indeed?" Then again he looked away. It was intolerable this feeling of being caged up! A sense of anger crept through his mind. It almost seemed that Lillian had brought him there to prove that she had finished with him—had cast him aside, having used him for the day's excitement as she had used her poodles, her Persian cats, her crystal-gazing. All at once the impotency and uncertainty of his position goaded him. Turning swiftly in his seat he glanced back to where she sat, slowly swaying her fan, her pale, golden hair and her pale-colored gown delicately silhouetted against the background of the box.

"What's your idea of the play, Lillian?" he said abruptly. To his own ears there was a note of challenge in his voice.

She looked round languidly. "Oh, it's quite amusing," she said. "It makes a delicious farce—absolutely French."

"French?"

"Quite. Don't you think so, Lennie?"

"Oh, quite," Kaine agreed.

"They mean that it's so very light—and yet so very subtle, Mr. Chilcote," Mary Esseltyn explained.

"Indeed?" he said. "Then my imagination was at fault. I thought the piece was serious."

"Serious!" Lillian smiled again. "Why, where's your sense of humor? The motive of the play debars all seriousness."

Loder looked down at the programme still between his hands. "What is the motive?" he asked.

Lillian waved her fan once or twice, then closed it softly. "Love is the motive," she said.

Now the balancing—the adjusting of impression and inspiration—is, of all processes in life, the most delicately fine. The simple sound of the word "love," coming at that precise juncture, changed the whole current of Loder's thought. It fell like a seed, and like a seed in ultra-productive soil it bore fruit with amazing rapidity.

The word itself was small and the manner it was spoken trivial, but Loder's mind was attracted and held by it. The last time it had met his ears his environment had been vastly different, and this echo of it in an uncongenial atmasphere stung him to resentment. The vision of Eve, the thought of Eve, became suddenly dominant.

"Love?" he repeated coldly. "So love is the motive?"

"Yes." This time it was Kaine who responded in his mechodical, contented voice. "The motive of the play is love, as Lillian says. And when was love ever serious in a three-act comedy—on or off the stage?" He leaned forward in his seat, screwed in his eyeglass and lazily scanned the stalls.

The orchestra was playing a Hungarian dance—its erratic harmonies and wild alternations of expression falling abruptly across the pinks and blues, the gilding and lights of the pretty, conventional theatre. Something in the suggestion of unfitness appealed to Loder. It was the force of the real as opposed to the ideal. With a new expression on his face he turned again to Kaine.

"And how does it work?" he said—"this treatment that you find so—French?"

His voice as well as his expression had changed. He still spoke quietly, but he spoke with interest. He was no longer conscious of his vague uneasiness; a fresh chord had been struck in his mind and his curiosity had responded to it. For the first time it occurred to him that love—the

"Oh, indeed?" he said quickly. "One of them had a wife?"

dangerous, mysterious garden whose paths had so suddenly stretched out before his own feet—was a pleasure ground that possessed many doors—and an infinite number of keys. He was stirred by the desire to peer through another entrance than his own, to see the secret, alluring byways from another standpoint. He waited with interest for the answer to his question.

For a second or two Kaine continued to survey the house; then his eyeglass dropped from his eye and he turned round.

"To understand the thing" he said pleasantly, "you must have read the book. Have you read the book?"

"No, Mr. Kaine," Mary Esseltyn interrupted, "Mr. Chilcote hasn't read the book."

Lillian laughed. "Outline the story for him, Lennie," she said. "I love to see other people taking pains."

Kaine glanced at her admiringly. "Well, to begin with," he said amiably, "two men, an artist and a millionaire, exchange lives. See?"

"You may presume that he does see, Lennie."

"Right! "Well, then, as I say, these beggars change identities. They're as like as pins, and to all appearances one chap's the other chap—and the other chap's the first chap. See?"

Loder laughed. The newly quickened interest was enhanced by treading on dangerous ground.

"Well, they change for a lark, of course, but there's one fact they both overlook. They're men, you know, and they forget these little things!" He laughed delightedly. "They overlook the fact that one of 'em has got a wife!"

There was a crash of music from the orchestra. Loder sat straighter in his seat; he was conscious that the blood had rushed into his face.

"Oh, indeed?" he said quickly. "One of them had a wife?"

"Exactly!" Again Kaine chuckled. "And the point of the joke is that the wife is the least larky person under the sun. See?"

A second hot wave passed over Loder's face; a sense of mental disgust filled him. This, then, was the wonderful garden seen from another standpoint! He looked from Lillian, graceful, sceptical and shallow, to the young girl beside him so frankly modern in her appreciation of life. This, then, was love as seen by the eyes of the world—the world that accepts, judges and condemns in a slang phrase or two! Very slowly the blood receded from his face.

"And the end of the story?" he asked in a strained voice.

"The end? Oh, usual end, of course. Chap makes a mess of things and the bubble bursts."

"And the end of the wife?"

(To Be Continued.)